Vol. IV. Numb. 15.

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-mans *Account of a* Tacking-Prieſt, *that Tempted his Wife* Joan *to perſwade him to Vote for the* Tackers.

From Saturday May the 19th, to Wednesday May the 23th, 1705.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, I have perplex'd my Noddle about the *Elections* at ſuch a rate, that I can hardly mind how my Corn grows: Our *Joan* ſays, That Maſter *Obſervater* has Ruin'd the *Country-man*, as well as himſelf. *Here's nothing*, ſays ſhe, *but Talk of Parliaments, 't may-be, when they* Come *Maſter* Obſervator *muſt* run away *again, and I am ſure* Roger *muſt follow. What a Dickens ails you*, ſays ſhe, *are you bewildred? I Love Maſter* Obſervator, *and believe him to be an* Honeſt Man; *but he would be a* Wiſer Man *if he would mind his own Buſineſs, and take a Farm himſelf to Provide for his Family. I don't think he has paid you the Money he borrowed of you for his Expences; and yet you can't forbear going on his Errands: You forget to bring me Home* Soap *and* Candles; *nay, if I ſpeak to you to mind a* Nutmeg, *or a* Pennyworth *of* Ginger, *'tis certainly forgot, but you always Remember his* News, *his* Letters, *and his* I don't know what.

Hold your Tongue, *Goody Gooſe-Cap*, ſaid I, if we have another *Tacking* Parliament, we are all Undone, Queen and People, *Joan* do'ſt mind that? *Aye, aye*, quoth ſhe, *I wiſh you would mind your own Buſineſs, and not the Queens; you'll get ſomething by One, but nothing by t'other. What has Maſter* Obſervator *got by it? Not one Farthing, but Scores of Pounds over the Left Shoulder: The* Lorbotant-Grant Man *got out of Jayl by Writing, like a Rogue, againſt the Queen and Government, and your Maſter* Obſervator, *for all he pretends to ſo much* Docity, *is Writing himſelf into a Jayl as faſt as he can, and there let'n lie, I won't give'n one Diſh of* Butter-Milk *to keep'n from Starving*, &c.

I Proteſt, Maſter, ſhe Scolded at ſuch a rate, that I grew into a Paſſion, and Swore by my Pitch-Fork, that if ſhe didn't get her In I would Lamm her Side: Some Mens Wives turn to *Witches* when they grow Old, but I think mine is turn'd a *Fool*.

Obſ. I am very ſorry, *Roger*, That I ſhould be the Occaſion of Strife betwixt you and your Bed-fellow; I'll eaſe you of this Domeſtick Jarr by changing my Quarters.

Country-m. I'll ſooner change my Wife by half. Look'ye, Maſter, I'll tell you how this Fraction came about: One Day when I was gone to Town, and you were gone a Fiſhing, our *Pariſh-Prieſt* came to my Houſe to Confeſs *Joan*, and our Young *Jugg* ſtood under your Window and heard every word they ſaid, and, like a Dutiful Child, told me of it.

Said the *Prieſt, Neighbour! Thy Huſband is in ill Hands, he keeps Company with the* Obſervator, *who has perſwaded him to Vote againſt the* Tackers, *and if he does ſo he'll never Thrive in this World, nor that to come: D'ye mind this, Neighbour*, ſaid the Black Imp, *and therefore make him alter his Reſolution and Vote for the* Tackers, *or when you come to Dye I won't Abſolve you.*

Joan, ſaid I, don't hearken to that black Oat-*Meal-Man* of *Satan:* He's no more able to Abſolve thy Sins, than I am able to Lend the Queen an Hundred Thouſand Pound. You know he was Drunk but t'other day, Rowl'd in the Dirt, Curs'd and Swore like a Dragoon; and do'ſt think God Almighty ever gave ſuch a Reprobate a Power to *Abſolve Sins?* Come, *Joan*, be a Good *Wife*, Mind thy *Dairy*, be Obedient to thy *Huſband*, Love thy *Children*, and Serve *GOD*, never hearken to the *Prieſt*. *Prieſts* and *Pidgeons* will Untile the Houſe, one by making a Difference betwixt *Man* and *Wife*, and the other by picking out the *Mortar*. When I ſee a *Prieſt* at a Mans Houſe, I preſently conclude he's either come to Pick the Mans Pocket, or to make him a *Cuckold*.

Said I, *Joan*, thou art my Dear Spouſe, and I Love thee very well, and never gave thee an Angry Word before, but now thou haſt broke my Gall. The *Aſs* ſpoke when he was *Prieſt-Rid*, and do'ſt think I can be ſilent when I ſee thee likely to be Seduced by a *Prieſt?* All you Women have ſo much of your Mother *Eve* in you, you have ſo, and the *Country-Prieſts* ſo much of the black Crooked Serpent in 'em: Our *Pariſh-Prieſt* in this has but Acted the Part of the *Devil*, who Tempted *Eve* that ſhe might Tempt her Huſband, and for the very ſame Ends and Reaſons too.

The *Devil* Tempted *Eve*, on purpoſe to throw her and her Huſband out of *Paradice:* Mark what I ſay, *Joan*, our Grandſire *Adam* and our Grannum *Eve* Lived very Pleaſently in *Paradice*; he did not *Hedge* and *Ditch*, and *Sow*, and *Reap*, and *Threſh*, and *Toil* and *Moil*, and *Sweat* and *Labour: She* did not *Spin* and *Card*, and *Knit*, Milk *Cows*, Make *Butter* and *Cheeſe*, Wath *Diſhes*, Feed *Hogs*, and Run a Field to fetch up the *Kine*, with her Tail a Daggl'd up to her Buttocks in the *Dew*; no, they Liv'd like *Lord* and *Lady* to what we do now, and to what they themſelves did after they fell; they were then in a State of *Innocency*, of perfect *Freedom* and *Liberty*, *Lord* and *Lady* of all the Dominions of *Nature*, and Accountable to none but the God of *Nature:* The *Devil*, the Ugly Crooked Serpent, being deprived of all *Liberty*, Pent up in *Subterranean-Caverns*, in *Gloomy-Cells*, where the Mother *Waters* afford no *Spring* or *Rivulets* to allay the Heat of the *Damn'd*, but Rivers of *Liquid Sulpher* flow to the Eternal *Horror* and *Pain* of thoſe Perpetual Inhabitants of everlaſting Shades and Darkneſs: I ſay the *Devil* finding himſelf Confin'd, and Envying the Happineſs of our Fore-Father and his Wife, by Divine Permiſſion Tempted them to *Sin*, and was Succeſsful in the Attempt.

Now, *Joan*, mind what I ſay, I am come to the Application, and will plainly prove that our Parſon is Tempting thee to Tempt me to Vote for the *Tackers*, did Act the Part of the *Devil* in Tempting of *Eve* and for the ſame Ends and Purpoſes.

You know, *Joan*, that you and I are *Engliſh* Folks,

Folks, as our Fathers were before us; that we Enjoy the same *Liberties*, the same *Free-Birth-Rights* as they Enjoy'd; and that we are under the Protection of the same good and wholesome *Laws*. Now, *Joan*, you further know that we should do by our Children as our Fathers have done by Us: Our *Tom* and *Jugg*, and the rest of our Children ought to have the same *Priviledges* left 'em as our Fathers left us: D'ye hear me, *Joan*? Will you Cheat your own Children? You'd better Cheat 'em of the *Farm* and *Stock*, than Cheat 'em of their *Liberties*.

Now, *Joan*, as the *Devil* Tempted *Eve* in order to the Tempting of *Adam* to a Forfeiture of his *Liberty*, so does our *Parish-Priest* Tempt you to Tempt me to a Surrender of our *Native-Rights* and *Priviledges* in Voting for the *Tackers*. Master *Observator* has told me that Queen *Ann* is a better Queen than Queen *Elizabeth* was, and that all these *Tackers* have a Design to De-Throne Queen *Ann*, and to bring *in Perkin*, for they were minded to have *Tack'd* away all the Queens Money that was Rais'd to Beat the *French* Tyrant and to keep out *Perkin*.

Now, if their Project had taken effect, the *French* King must have been Master of *England*, some *French Bougree* or other must have been Master of this *Farm*, *Roger* must have been his Servant, and so must you *Joan*; how would you like it to see your Husband Drub'd by a *French* Slave, to see your Daughter Ravish'd, and your Sons made Captives? And this must have been the Effect of the *Tacking-Project*.

Now we Live Peaceably on our *Farm*, we Eat the Sweets of our *Labour* and *Toil*; we pay *Taxes*, 'tis true, but our *Money* is laid Out for the *Publick-Good*, and what we Pay is but a small Ackhowledgement for the great Happiness we Enjoy under so good a Queen, and so Righteous a Government; but if the *French* and *Perkin* Comes, then Comes the *Devil and all his Works*. Our *Tax* Gatherers will not then, as now, come about with the Books, and give you a Receipt for so much *Money* for the Landlord, Assess'd on your *Farm*. The *French* King will be your Landlord, he'll take what he Pleases for Rent, and if you don't Pay him you must away to the *Gallies*; nay, you must Pay him whether you will or no, or whether you have it or no.

Don't you remember, *Joan*, how Doctor *Oats* was Whip'd, and the Cruelties in King *James*'s Reign, which became Unsufferable, and at length forc'd the People of *England* to cry out for help to the Prince of *Orange*, these times your *Tacking Priests* would have again in *England*, and those times would have come again if the *Tackers Project* had taken Effect.

Thou do'st not know, *Joan*, the Miseries attend a People that Live under an *Arbitray-Government*, where the People are Dispossess'd of their *Civil* and *Righteous-Rights*. Your *Tacking-Priest* will tell you, that they design'd only to Persecute the *Dissenters*; but do'st thou think that when they had brought in *Perkin* they would have kept out *Popery*? We must have all been *Papishes*, *Joan*, I tell thee that.

Now Wife do but consider what a Life we should Lead if *Perkin* comes and we should lose our good Queen. I'll tell thee some News by the last Post how the *French* Tyrant uses his *Protestant* Subjects. There is the Duke of *Berwick* one of King *James*'s Sons, much more Legitimate than *Perkin*. This Duke of *Berwick* is the *French* Kings General against his *Protestant* Subjects; and I'll tell you how he uses 'em when he takes 'em. One Master *Catinat*, and Master *Ravanel* he burnt Alive, one *Jonquet* and *Du Villas*, a very handsome Young Man, were broken Alive upon the Wheel, as were the Sieurs *Allison* and *Alegree*. One *la Croix* was sent to the Gallies, *la Junesse*, *Roger Lauze* and another were Hang'd; this was done but the 24th of the last Month.

And on the 28th Four more of 'em were taken, Two were Burnt Alive, and *Daude* was broken Alive upon the Wheel, and his Son was Hang'd, with several Others broken Alive and burnt Alive. Now, *Joan*, how would you like this in *England*? Would you be willing to see our *Protestant* Brethen, the *Dissenters*, serv'd so, and this they must Suffer, if *Perkin* comes, and so must we too, and *Perkin* will come if the *Tacking-Party* prevails to give the Queen no Money to keep him out.

Without doubt this Duke of *Berwick* must be *Perkins* General, and he'll Learn his Trade of Burning Alive, and Breaking Alive, and Hanging till Dead, Dead, Dead; but I'll lose my Life before he shall come here, or the *Tackers* Young Master either.

Now, said I, *Joan*, consider these things, and then think whether I ought to Vote for such Men as will bring these things to pass. *Joan*, said I, thou knowest I am a good Natur'd fellow, and that nothing but a thing of this Nature could Provoke me. But I protest, as I hope to continue a good *Englishman*, if thou dost any more take Notice of what our Priest says, that I will Mumpole thee at a rate, thou had better ha' been a Bed and Asleep.

Obs. Well, *Roger*, I hope *Joan* will take Advice and hearken to Reason, but I find you have got a horrid Priest.

Country-m. The horriest *Cock-Robin* that ever got into a Pulpit; I protest, Master, he does handle the Word of God after so clumsie a manner, that I am Sick to hear him; he has Preach'd away all the People of the Parish, but the *Tackers*, and I thank God that is the least Party.

You know, Master, I need not go to *Church* to hear *Common-Prayer*, I can read that at home, and our Parsons Prayer before and after Sermon is so short and foolish that 'tis'nt worth while to go to Church to hear it, and his Sermon is eke, also, likewise so very Idle and Nonsensical, so full of Railery against the *Dissenters*, so Consonant to the *Doctrines* of *Cheverel*, and the *Stubbed* Dry-Vine, that I think my self in *France* or *Turky* while I am at *Church*.

One *Petition* indeed I can joyn with him in (which he always begins his Prayer before Sermon) *viz. Prevent us O Lord in all our Doings*. To this I always cry *Amen*. For look-yee, Master, had not God prevented the Doings of the *Tackers*, we should have all been Undone, and so we shall for the future, if God, in his Infinite Mercy to the Queen and Government, does not continue to prevent their Doings.

But, Master, do you think I had not reason to be Angry, when this Serpent, in a Parsons Gown, had the Impudence to endeavour to Debauch my Wife in her Principles, which is as bad, or worse, than to attempt her Chastity; I'll not have the Tempter come near my Habitation; when I see him there I'll assure you I'll Towel him handsomly; and when I pray to God Almighty to preserve me from *Satans Temptations*, I'll put the *Parson* into the same *Petition*, that I may be alike delivered from his *Temptations*, and the next time I meet the *Parson* at the *Ale-House*, I'll pull off his Shoes and see whether he has not a *Cloven-Foot*.

Look-ye, Master, I shou'd'nt ha' told you this long Story of *Joan* and my self, but I found you were Indispos'd and did'nt care to talk, but I expect you will say something the next time we meet on this Subject: Here are your *Post-Letters*, which will afford you Matter of Discourse, which I pray Peruse against our next meeting.——Now, Master, we'll to Bed with one Bumper to the Queens good Health, and I Pray God deliver Her and Her People from the *Malicious Designs* of the *Tackers*.

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London, Printed for the Author, *John Tutchin*. 1705.